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THURSDAY, JANUARY 19, 1911.

ELBOW TOUCH AT BALTIMORE.

Baltimore is situated at the head of navigation on the Patapsco River. It covers an area of 31½ miles, and has a population as large as that of Charleston, South Carolina, plus 500,000. It lies at the junction of the plateau of old crystalline rocks and the overlying beds of younger and still unconsolidated formations." It is called "The Monumental City," because it has so many monuments, of one sort and another of men and events which have made this country great. It has more beautiful parks than any other Southern town. The late Major Venable, a Virginian, was largely responsible for the Baltimore system. It is also well supplied with cemeteries so beautifully laid out and kept that it is almost a pleasure to be laid away in them. It is an art centre; for particulars, see Henry Walters's great gallery. It is an educational centre, in proof of which we all point with pride to the Johns Hopkins University, which has just obtained from the friends of education, with the aid of Andy Carnegie, an additional million dollars of new endowment, and is working for another million or so. It is a religious centre, the seat of Cardinal Gibbons, the only Roman Catholic Cardinal this country has ever had, and who, by the way, was a parish priest in Richmond ever so many years ago, and here made himself fit for the high place he now fills. It is a financial centre, and we are looking at John Gill and Semmes and Dugue Ferguson and Frank Carey and Post and the rest of the men of affairs who have spread out their lines into all the country roundabout, even as far as South Carolina, on the one hand, and Colorado on the other, in any sort of enterprise, from building trolley lines to growing sugar beets.

It is a newspaper centre; look at the Baltimore Sun, founded by the Abells and now continued and still increasing in power and influence under the direction of Charley Grasty, with the assistance of Baldwin, who was born in Richmond and whose father was at one time connected with the Daily Bible of all good Virginians, The Times-Dispatch, and the Baltimore American, which has been made great by General Felix Angus, who does not disappoint his lovely name, except by his dense devotion to the Republican party; and the Baltimore News, which was built up by Grasty and is now owned and is being made better every day by Frank Munsey, who runs more sorts of newspapers and other things than anybody else and runs them well; and "there are others." It is also a political centre and Tuesday afternoon and Tuesday night it was the heart of the Triumphant Democracy of the greatest country in the world. That is why we are writing these few lines.

* * *

The meeting on Tuesday was to celebrate the victory of the Democratic the individual known as the "ultimate from the root of which classical word consumer" derives his title to greatness and to the thanks of everybody for the service he has rendered in making this country safe and sane. The celebration was hitched on to the name of Andrew Jackson, who was born in the Waxhaw Settlement "in my native State" of South Carolina, in the month of March, one hundred and forty-four years ago. This is January, not March, but that has nothing to do with the case.

The first Democratic Convention was held in Baltimore. Jackson was nominated for President in Baltimore, and that was reason enough for holding a real Democratic celebration in that town for the purpose of "getting together," and reason enough why the next Democratic National Convention should be held there. The Democracy got together Tuesday. There were some absentees, to be sure, but the party was there, there as it has never been before anywhere. Harmon, of Ohio; Champ Clark, of Missouri; Senator Bailey, of Texas; old Joe Blackburn, of Kentucky, and the rest of us were all there. It was no man's celebration. It was not held in the interest of any particular person or section, but in the interest of the party as a whole. Murray Vandiver started the meeting by making Governor Crothers chairman, and a right good chairman he was, and Harmon and Clark and Bailey and Blackburn said things that made the blood leap through the veins and the heart feel that the party is united once more, not upon a candidate, but upon principle.

Harmon made the most carefully prepared speech, as he should have done. Clark made the most popular speech, as became being the representative of the people more directly than anybody else present; Bailey made the most eloquent speech, that ought to go into all the "Speakers" in our public schools as a sign that the gift of oratory has not yet departed from the earth; and Blackburn talked exactly to the taste of at least one of his hearers when he skinned the "Amiable Despot" at Oyster Bay for his designs against the free and well-ordered institutions of this country. It was a great day, and the men and the occasion met, met like men with small differences, perhaps, as to the precise course legislation should take; but men impressed by the gravity of the situation, and willing and ready to work together, not for the accomplishment of personal ends, but for the unity of the party and the safety of the country. They all agreed that the tariff must be revised, because it is the one issue above all other issues in which there is a Democratic President.

Champ Clark thinks that it would be well to revise it by piecemeal; Bailey thinks that it would be better to revise it from top to bottom, "from Genesis to Revelation," as he expressed it, and Harmon thinks, with Jackson, that the taxation of the people should be restricted to the raising of revenue sufficient for the needs of the Government, economically administered. Some of the papers have been trying to make the impression that there is war in the Democratic camp on this question; but there is nothing of the sort, there being, in fact, absolute agreement between Champ Clark, the Speaker of the next House, and Bailey, the Democratic leader in the Senate, on the main question, which is that all taxation not required for the support of the Government is unjust taxation, and that the Government at Washington must not, and shall not, if they can help it, play any favorites.

The speeches these men made were made before a magnificent audience at the Lyric Theatre in the daytime (a theatre which would suit mighty well for the next Democratic National Convention, by the way, and if it is not big enough to hold the people, Baltimore will build a greater barn), and the enthusiasm was splendid. All the great questions having been settled at the Lyric, the evening at the Armory was devoted to such fraternization as the oldest inhabitants had never seen anywhere before. It was the voice of reason at the Lyric; it was the elbow touch at the Armory, both absolutely necessary to that "more perfect union" essential to party success.

The personnel of the meeting was superb. All sorts and sizes were there, from Maine to California, and from where rolls the Oregon" to Tampa's golden sands. Old men and young men, plain people and 'ristocrats, officeholders who have been "in" so long that they wouldn't understand it at all if they should be "out" for even a brief spell. Congressmen who have not yet been sworn in and Congressmen who have been there forever, as it would seem to those who would like to try it for awhile on their own account. In the front row of chairs at the theatre there were men who have made history—Harmon, Attorney-General in Cleveland's Cabinet, and twice Governor of the State of Ohio, the last time by a hundred thousand majority; Clark, who is the only man living or dead who has been saying for the last sixteen years that the Democracy would come back and now arrogates to his other virtues that of being a true prophet; Bailey, who has more brains than any other man in Texas; Blackburn, now getting along in his seventy-third year and as eloquent in voice and straight in his thinking as he is nimble of foot; "grand old Ben Tillman," not quite so active as he once was, but stern and unyielding still and hoping, as we all do, that he may be restored to his former vigor; and Henry Gassaway Davis, now in his eighty-eighth year and the youngest looking and walking and smiling man in the whole array. Up on the stage and down in the audience there were scores and hundreds of militant Democrats, waiting with Jacksonian spirit until they could see the whites of the common enemy's eyes before firing—Alfred Williams, of Roanoke, and Willie Gonzales, of Columbia, and Josephus Daniels, of Raleigh, and Harry St. George Tucker and Taylor Ellyson, of Virginia, and Small, of North Carolina, who, being something of a digger, ought to help us out in deepening the ship channel from Richmond to the sea, and throngs of others just as good and just as enthusiastic.

Then, when the special train, on which all passengers paid their fares, came in at night from Washington the town fairly pulsated with statesmanship. There were Martin and Swanson and Jones and Lamb from Virginia, and Aiken and Finley and Ellerbe from South Carolina, and Robson from Alabama, who didn't look as if he would be afeared of any Japanese that ever lived, and Smith, of the Pee Dee country, still talking about fifteen-cent cotton and ready to lead a relief expedition on Germany if he and Mr. Taft cannot settle between them the potash situation, and Baldwin, of the Sun, who made a fine table-mate, and Buchannan Schley, of Hagerstown, and all the rest, gentlemen and ladies. It was a great gathering, to be sure, and a catering which meant everything for the Democratic Party and, therefore, everything for the country.

The most hopeful sign of the meeting was that there was nobody there who thought that the victory was won by the Democracy so surely as it had been lost by the Republicans. In that very thought there is the surest promise of Democratic performance, not in any sectional and personal way, but in the spirit that is as broad as the country and as deep as the foundations of the institutions of the American Government established by the fathers of Constitutional liberty on this soil.

TWO GOVERNORS—A CONTRAST.

In his inaugural address, Governor Blease bitterly denounced the newspapers of South Carolina—the United Daily press and "an almost solid weekly press," which, with the assistance "of a number of men who call themselves ministers of the Gospel (God save the mark!) stood behind their pulpits and gave vent to malice and slanders of the most virulent and malicious nature against me; all of these, combined with others, making a set of thieves, the meanest and most contemptible people known to men."

That was hot talk, for a fact; but it was not conclusive upon any point. We really do not believe that all the newspapers in South Carolina and a respectable contingent of the ministers in that State are either liars or thieves, and we are sorry that the new Governor has well-nigh confirmed, by his first official message, the absolute truth of at least one thing upon which the press and a large section of the pulpit of his State agreed, his utter unfitness for the office to which he has been chosen. We are still hoping, however, that, having gotten rid of a part of his bile, he will settle down and try as hard as he can to do himself some credit and the State some service, in which event, we are sure, the newspapers that he denounces and the clergy whom he contemns will be pleased to applaud him as they are with abundant reason now compelled to distrust him.

In striking contrast with the observations of the Governor of South Carolina are the utterances of the Governor of New York, a State in which the liberty of the press has often degenerated into the wildest license, and where the muck-raker has committed his most vicious outrages. Speaking to the editors and publishers of the Associated Dailies of New York up-State papers at their annual meeting at Albany on Tuesday, the very day on which Governor Blease poured out the vials of his wrath upon the South Carolinians, Governor Dix said:

"Whatever may be said of the defects of modern newspapers, it cannot be denied that they are great corrective forces in our system of life and of government. Without the criticism and indeed the guidance of newspapers that are conducted with a view to serving the people and focussing the light on every public deed and utterance, self-government would be impossible.

"It is the fashion at times to complain of unfair treatment by newspapers and their representatives. But this I personally am compelled to say, that never once in my career, not even during the strenuous political campaign from which I have just emerged, have I been consciously misrepresented or deliberately and maliciously treated with unfairness by a single newspaper, regardless of politics or party."

It is true that there is a wide difference between these two Governors, and that they really should not be mentioned in the same breath; but they both represent sovereign States, and it is a hard thing to think, even if it be harder to say, that Blease is as typical of South Carolina in its present unhappy political condition as Dix is of New York. People are judged by their representatives and by the purposes for which they stand. There is nothing in Governor Dix of which even his most pronounced enemies need be ashamed; his office is honored by him. We have been saying and praying and hoping that Blease would disappoint his enemies by proving that they had misrepresented him outrageously in their bitter campaign against him, and we are still praying and hoping that he will come up to the full measure of his great opportunity; but he has made a bad start. If he keep up this lick, he will confirm their judgment of him, and, for his sake, as well as for the sake of the State, that would be very bad. To prove that they are liars and thieves, he must not establish by his official utterances and conduct that he is a blackguard.

EXTRAVAGANT GRATITUDE.

In 1877 President Grant and James A. Garfield, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations in the Forty-third Congress, apologized for a pension appropriation of $30,000,000. They little thought that thirty years later the Congress would order a pension appropriation of $160,000,000, more than five times the amount expended in the day of Grant's presidency.

Grant and Garfield thought that $30,000,000 was the pension high-water mark, and that after 1875 the appropriation would decline. How far wide of the mark they went, the American people can testify eloquently now.

Pensions became a political issue in 1880. Both parties were out after the large and influential soldier vote. A Democratic House and a Republican Senate enacted the "arrears bill," a measure which provided that a pension should run from the date of the disability, instead of the date of filing the claim. By operation of this act alone, the pension appropriation had to be more than doubled in one year. That started the pension ball rolling and gave the entering wedge for graft and theft of many descriptions.

In 1890 a Democratic House and a Republican Senate passed the dependent pension bill, which President Cleveland vetoed. The next Congress had a Republican majority in both houses, the bill was offered again, passed, and approved by President Harrison, who was himself a Union general. At that time the statisticians and experts said it would cost less than $26,000,000 annually. It really did cost more than $80,000,000, and the pension account was increased to more than $160,000, yearly.

There are pending four bills for increase in pension funds. The McCumber bill is estimated to add to the expense $12,000,000 the year. The Sulloway bill, which has passed in the House, calls for an estimated increase per annum of $45,000,000. The Curtis bill provides for an estimated increase of $60,000,000 the year. Even more would be added by the Dick bill. No general pension bill has ever failed to double the amount estimated by the patrons of the measures.

It is time to call a halt in pension legislation.

"THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS."

Eleven hundred and twenty-four men were actually seated at the twenty-two tables in the Fifth Regiment Armory in Baltimore Tuesday night to celebrate the birthday of that great South Carolinian, Andy Jackson. "They seen their duty and they done it."

There was never anything like it before in this country, certainly not for the last fourteen years or so, and it is not surprising that after eating 700 pounds of diamond-back terrapin, 8,000 Lynnhaven oysters, 500 canvas-back ducks, 229 Jersey capons, 50 Smithfield hams, 2,700 Parisienne potatoes, 50 bushels of pearl hominy, 300 loaves of bread, 300 bunches of Western celery, the whole seasoned with fifteen gallons of mushroom sauce, cooled with 1,200 individual ices, warmed with 40 gallons of coffee, sweetened with 4,000 cubes of sugar, washed down with 1,124 true-true Jackson cocktails, 100 bottles of sauterne with sherry on the side, and 500 quarts of champagne; it is not surprising, we say, that after disposing of all this in the course of little less than three hours the magnificent company present should have reached the conclusion that further preaching of the Democratic gospel was in no sense necessary to the continued success of the Democratic party.

Through the clouds of smoke from 3,372 fragrant Havana cigars, with cigarettes in between for "short smokes," this mighty host of the Unterrified caught visions of the expanding glory of the Party of the Constitution and the People, and visiting around among their friends, they were unafraid of megaphone and Toastmaster and Committee of Defence. It turned out that for all these twelve thousand and three hundred reasons and others some thoughts that were intended to breathe and burn did not find voice in the jubilation of the night, a night that will ever be memorable in Democratic annals. For example, there was Mr. Speaker Clark, who was to take the place of the Senator from Indiana or the gentleman from Oyster Bay, the same being the Hon. Martin W. Littleton, reserved what he would have said to a more convenient season, and there was "The Democratic Press," which still has leave to print. This was the text assigned to a representative from the South who would have said, if he had possessed voice enough to speak against the tumultuous joy of the great occasion, something like this:

There are nearly twenty-three thousand newspapers published in this country, about one-fourth of the whole number being published in the Southern States; the main reliance of the Democratic party in National politics. The illiteracy in what is called the Continental United States, amounts to a little more than 100 to the thousand population, according to one of the reports. The illiterate among the native whites of ten years of age is 46 to the thousand; among the foreign born whites 128 to the thousand, and among the negroes, 441 to the thousand. The great mass of the foreign born whites live in the Northern and Western States and practically all the negroes are affiliated with the Republican party, especially when delegates are to be chosen to the National convention of that party. Down South they are counted for purposes of representation in Congress and up North they are counted for representation in party assemblies.

It has been partly through the faithful work of "The Democratic Press" that this stand-off has been effected, and, largely through the influence and work of the Democratic newspapers that so many of those who have achieved fame and fortune in public life have been able to catch and hold the attention of the people the great celebration at Baltimore would have utterly failed in its purpose but for the Press of the country. There were assembled there more than a thousand men, feasting on Democratic food in pure Jacksonian simplicity, speaking their thoughts and planning for their stakes, and their work would have ended there but for the millions of people on the outside who have only learned through the newspapers of what was said there and what was done at that gathering of earnest-minded men, intent at heart only upon saying the things and doing the things which will give to this nation a new birth of freedom and assurance to all men everywhere, in the words of Abraham Lincoln, that "government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Before it can lead wisely, the Democratic press must know better what it believes and why it believes it, that it really counts for more than the beneficiaries of its favor, that something more and something better than a copy of the Congressional Record and a package of field or garden seeds, that will not come up, sent to a perspiring supporter, is to be the measure of a statesman's fitness for Representative duties and responsibilities, that the candidate for office must possess some higher quality of leadership than the ability to catch the crowd with issues of doubtful invention, that the fundamental doctrines of the fathers have not lost their potency and that there is in pure Democratic government a higher aim than punishment and reprisal.

It has become the habit to charge the newspapers with always having an eye on the main chance, whenever they are sincere enough to declare their opposition to untried and doubtful experiments in legislation and administration, and this view has gathered strength because the newspapers have not had the courage to resent the imputations upon their good faith. Even the Patron Saint of the party, whose blessed memory was celebrated Tuesday night, had his suspicions when he said in his Farewell Address, speaking of the jug-handled system of banking in his day, by which one class of society was enabled to control the currency, owing to the inability of the agricultural, mechanical and laboring classes to form extensive combinations and act together with united force: "Such concert of action may sometimes be produced in a single city or in a small district of country by means of personal communications with each other, but they have no regular or active correspondence with those who are engaged in similar pursuits in distant places; they have but little patronage to give to the press, and exercise but a small share of influence over it; they have no crowd of dependents about them who hope to grow rich without labor by their countenance and favor, and who are therefore always ready to execute their wishes."

Over against this ungenerous reflection of the Press by the great South Carolinian should be placed the better estimate of Thomas Jefferson, that if he had to choose between newspapers without government or government without newspapers, he would choose newspapers without government. It is too much to hope that there will be general acceptance of the Jeffersonian idea; but it is not too much to expect that self-respecting newspapers shall insist that they, as well as the politicians, have the right of private judgment, and that, knowing what Democracy means, they shall not be led into the wilderness of political experimentation just to see how this, that or the other fashion will fit. The hobble skirt has had its day, and it is the duty of the Democratic press to help get the party back into the middle of the road.

It is the duty of the Democratic press to speak its mind fully upon all questions of Democratic policy, to acknowledge no Pope, to confess at no altar, to expose at every turn the mistakes of those who would blaze the way for them, to exercise without personal bitterness or subserviency to local conditions that independence of judgment which is the only ark of safety. It should have the courage to say to this, that or the other lawgiver, in the spirit of that greatest of Presbyterians, Saint Paul: "Who made thee a ruler and a judge over us?" With this conception of the true responsibility of the Press to itself and to the party for which it speaks every day and week the year around, in off-years as well as in on-years, when there are no offices in sight and no conventions to be held, as well as in the heat of political conflict, the remonstrances and warnings of the Democratic newspapers will surely contribute to the success of the party and to the complete restoration of this Government to the people.

"There is but one safe rule," said Jackson, "and that is to confine the General Government rigidly within the sphere of its appropriate duties." That, it seems to me, is a good enough slogan for the Democratic Press in the great political contest for which we are preparing, and in which we can triumph only by deciding a plan of campaign upon which there must be agreement among ourselves, and that will attract to our standard, not the voters of the Adams County sort, but the voters who will flock to us like doves to their windows if we shall give to them some reasonable assurance in platform and candidates of equal rights for all and special privileges for none. Let us not forget the words of Andy Jackson: "It is from within, among ourselves—from cupidity, from corruption, from disappointed ambition and inordinate thirst for power—that factions will be formed and liberty endangered."

HITCHCOCK'S REVENGE.

Gilbert M. Hitchcock was elected on Tuesday to the United States Senate from Nebraska. His story is a real political romance of the West. When the toga fell to his lot, he achieved the vengeful ambition of his life.

Just forty years ago his father, Phineas Warrener Hitchcock, was elected to the Senate from Nebraska. He served but one term, being defeated for re-election by the opposition of Edward Rosewater, editor of the Omaha Bee. The Boston Transcript says "the son (the newly elected Senator) took the defeat more to heart, apparently, than the father, and made it one of the purposes of his life to get even." He started out by running an opposition paper which, after many vicissitudes and struggling, persistent endeavour, sacrifice and service, Gilbert Hitchcock has come into his own and paid an old debt.

His victory is not as complete as it would have been had Rosewater lived to see the son of his old rival in the Senate, but Hitchcock has the satisfaction of remembering that he defeated Rosewater in his efforts to capture the honor which had been taken away from Hitchcock, the elder. Fate has played a strong hand in achieving the life purpose of Gilbert Hitchcock. Mr. Bryan's bolt, the senatorial primary, a political upheaval—this combination of circumstances brought about the realization of the younger Hitchcock's hopes.

In Cincinnati, a physician is suing his rich wife for $25,000 alimony and a divorce. This is a decided assertion of equal rights for man.

The Savannah News says that a Tennessee prohibitionist drank a cup of coffee the other day and died in thirty minutes. Water would have killed him instantaneously.

A Kansas City man hugged his wife so hard the other day that he broke two of her ribs. There is "some class" to love like that.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Evans.
Saw in a dispatch that Real-Admiral R. D. Evans, U. S. N. (retired), was an appointee to the Naval Academy from Utah. Is that correct? J. E.
He was appointed from Utah September 20, 1860.

Back Date.
On what day of the week did March 15, 1854, fall? F. D.
Wednesday.

Railroad Sound.
Why does a railroad train make more noise while crossing a bridge over a river than it does going over solid ground? X.
A bridge is elastic and vibrates much more from the weight of the train than does the solid earth, in consequence of which it produces more definite sound waves. The bridge acts as a sounding board and the water below it repeats or echoes the sound.

Pedro.
What is the rule in pedro when two players have but a few points to make and each makes these points on the last deal? J. A.
Hoyle lays down this rule: "If two players have already reduced their score to two, and one of them has made high, game and pedro, the other player could go out before him with low and jack."

Recitations.
Are there any passages in the following works that can be used for recitations, and where can such be found? Bulwer, Lytton, Charles Dickens, Edgar A. Poe and Walter Scott. A. E.
Go to the public library and look at the different books on recitations.

Portland.
In what year were Portland and East Portland, Ore., consolidated? INQUIRER.
In 1891

Languages.
I want to take a course in languages in a university. To whom shall I address myself? W. C.
Write to the recorder of the university you may select. He will advise you fully.

Hichens.
How is the name of Robert Hichens, an author, pronounced. Z.
Hitch-ens.

KITCHENER DOES NOT LIKE NEWSPAPER MEN

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

LORD KITCHENER is a silent man, and not given to eloquence on the subject of his prejudices. But it is no secret that if he has one bete noir more than any other, it is Winston Churchill, now Secretary of State for the Home Department. His feelings with regard to Winston date back to the time when the latter was acting as war correspondent for one of the London newspapers, during the operations in the Soudan, which culminated in the battles of Atbara and of Omdurman, and in the recapture of Khartoum.

Kitchener has always had a prejudice against newspaper correspondents, and in the various campaigns which he has commanded, instituted very strict regulations with regard to their conduct, and to their places on the battlefield. Winston Churchill, on the strength of his being an officer on the reserve list of the army, and also, perhaps, by reason of his connection with the ducal house of Spencer Churchill, regarded himself as entitled to disregard these regulations, to a degree that exasperated Kitchener extremely; indeed, he was on two or three occasions on the point of shipping him back to the base of the military operations, for disobedience and gross presumption. It was intolerable to Kitchener that a newspaper correspondent should coolly take part in cavalry charges, and the fact that Winston Churchill was still carried on the list of officers of the army merely served, in his eyes, to render him more objectionable as a newspaper scribe.

Matters became worse when, after the close of the war, Winston Churchill published a book about the campaign, in which he alternately patronized and criticized Kitchener, especially the latter's conduct of the campaign, and his remarks in parliament, and on the platform, since then, have not been of a nature to improve the relations between the two men.

The persistent report, therefore, that Winston Churchill is about to take the place of Richard Haldane, as Secretary of State for War, bodes ill for that department, in view of the fact that Lord Kitchener's appointment to the inspector-generalship of the forces—an office carrying with it that of generalissimo in the event of war—has already been officially announced, and is to come into operation shortly after Easter. As Secretary of War, Winston Churchill would be Lord Kitchener's chief, and it is inconceivable the two working in harmony, especially with Churchill in a position of superiority.

Winston Churchill has always had a longing for the Secretaryship of State for War, probably because of the fact that he was formerly a subaltern of Hussars, who gave no end of trouble to his commanding officers, whose chief he would in that event become. A year or so ago he was interfering so much in the affairs of the War Department that questions and criticisms were offered about the matter in the House of Commons, instigated, it is said, by Secretary Haldane himself, who resented the constant demand by Churchill, then president of the Board of Trade, for papers and documents from the War Department.

If Churchill, in spite of his absurd conduct the other day, in calling upon the military, including infantry, Maxim guns, and even a battery of horse artillery, to assist the 1,030 policemen under his orders to subdue a couple of Anarchists, in Houndsditch, nevertheless becomes Secretary for War, it is on the cards that Kitchener may withdraw his acceptance of the Inspector-Generalship of the Forces. If he does accept it, the two men will certainly come to a break, and then the English people will be called upon to decide whether they wish the reorganization of their lamentable military defenses to be confided to Lord Kitchener, a field marshal and recognized by military experts all the world over as one of the greatest commanders and military administrators of the day, or to Winston Churchill, who left the army with the rank of lieutenant of Hussars, and whose principal campaigning has been done as a newspaper correspondent. It is not necessary to predict here what the English people would decide if such an issue were placed before them.

Richard Haldane's transfer to the House of Lords is to be accompanied by promotion to the woolsack. The present Lord High Chancellor is unpopular with the bulk of the Liberal party, and his abandonment of the post has frequently been discussed. Haldane realizes that he failed to fulfil his own expectations, or those of his friends and adherents, with regard to the reorganization of the army, which (save for the Indian branch, put into proper shape by Lord Kitchener) is now in a more chaotic and unsatisfactory condition than ever. Moreover, his health is no longer as strong as it was, while as a distinguished lawyer, the Lord High Chancellorship, the loftiest dignity and distinction of the profession of law, has always been an object of his ambition.

Five British peers come of age during the present year. One of them is Lord Exmouth, whose arrival in New York I announced in these letters last week, calling attention at the same time to the fact that the two next heirs to his honors make their home in this country, one being Professor Pellew, of Columbia University, New York. The other peers attaining their majority between now and Christmas are Lord Petre, who has a strong strain of American blood in his veins, through his mother; Lord Congleton, head of the house of Parnell, to which the great Irish Nationalist leader belonged; Lord Hawarden, and Lord St. Leonards, whose peerage was first created in favor of the eminent jurist and Lord High Chancellor, Sir Edward Sugden.

Six eldest sons of peers also come of age in 1911, namely, Victor Spencer, eldest son of Lord Churchill; Alan Douglas-Pennant, first-born of Lord Penrhyn; Lord Eliot, son and heir of Lord St. Germans; Lord Dangan, son and heir of the Earl Cowley; Wentworth Canning, son of Lord Allendale, and Gerald Kearley, son of Lord Devonport, the latter's peerage being only a few months old, created in favor of Hudson Kearley, Sir Thomas Lipton's chief rival, for his unpaid services as first chairman of the Board of Governors of the Port of London, the new administration of which he entirely organized.

Queen Mary has added to the list of her ladies in waiting, or "ladies of the bed chamber," to call them by their official titles, the Countess of Minto, just home from India, and who made so many friends in this country when her husband was Governor-General of Canada; also Lady Ampthill, sister of the Earl of Beauchamp, Minister of Public Works in the Asquith Cabinet, and whose husband, Lord Ampthill, was Governor of Madras, acting Viceroy of India and son of the diplomat and ambassador who, as Lord Odo Russell, took part in the Congress of Berlin, in 1878. The third of the new ladies in waiting is Lady Desborough, better known, perhaps, by her former name of Mrs. William Henry Grenfell, and as mistress of Taplow Court, near Maidenhead, on the Thames, where so many Americans have been hospitably entertained. Her husband was known twenty years ago as one of the finest athletes in England, and has twice swum the Niagara.

Queen Mary has also appointed four maids of honor. The first one is the Hon. Venetia Baring, daughter of Lord Ashburton, by his first wife, the present Lady Ashburton being the former New York actress, Frances Donnelly. Then there is the Hon. Sybil Brodrick, daughter of Lord Midleton by his first marriage, granddaughter of Lord Wemyss and sister of Lady Tweedmouth, who is now in this country with her husband. The third maid of honor, who, by virtue of her appointment, will enjoy the prenx of "Honorable" to her name for the remainder of her life, is a daughter of the Hon. Mrs. George Villiers, and niece of Lord Clarendon; while the fourth is Miss Mabel Gye, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Herbert P. Gye, whose husband was for many years British consul at Brest, and whose father was General Lord Bridport.

Voice of the People

Communications must not contain more than 300 words.
When this limit is exceeded letters will be returned.
No anonymous communications will be accepted.
A stamped envelope, with the writer's address, must accompany every communication.

Child Labor Laws a Blot on Christianity.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—The Baltimore Sun, of December 21, gave a chapter headed, "Even Spectators Wept." It related to the arrest and $25 fine of J. W. Stywalt, of Richmond, for allowing his twelve-year-old daughter to work in a factory, and help support him and his aged wife.

In depriving the children of work, we deprive them of an education to work. Schools for training to work are established and it is legal to work in them, after a fashion. Why not allow the child to work where compensation and vital interest in work go hand in hand? The answer is, that the devil and socialism want work taught and performed only under the State.

Man was created to eat bread in the sweat of his brow. Education is supposed to teach or train the child for its duties as an adult. What, then, is more necessary than that the child should enter upon all work that is in any way likely to prepare it for its future station in life? That this Godlike consummation is thwarted by child labor laws, is only an evidence of the anti-Christian spirit of the age.

We see, in all the States where child labor laws exist, the crime and worthlessness to which the young are tending, and, as a nation, we perpetuate the laws at our peril.

FRANCIS B. LIVESEY.
Clarkson, Maryland.